

Cupid and the Cash Carrier

By BENNET MUSSON

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Through the great dry goods house of Chase, Remington, Bentley & Co. ranged the usual throng of shoppers—eager faced women and bewildered looking men. In the rear of the store Mr. William L. Remington, the sole survivor of the original firm, sat at a roll top desk in his private office.

Dignified, gray haired and sedate was Mr. Remington, and he looked thoughtful as he leaned back in his revolving chair and tapped the edge of his desk with a square envelope of rough blue paper. The envelope contained an invitation to a reception to be given by Mrs. Eleanor Chase, the widow of one of the former partners of the house and a society woman.

Mr. Remington was not a society man, and it was of his son Jack, aged twenty-two, that he thought as he fingered the envelope and of Eleanor Chase's daughter Nancy.

He rose, opened a door which led into the main part of the store and, threading the maze of aisles, made his way to the silk counter. There stood Jack, who was working his way through the various departments of the business, devoting the charms of his personality to the display of a roll of silk to one of a crowd of well dressed women.

Mr. Remington looked on approvingly as his handsome son concluded negotiations with the woman, took a bill from her and, inclosing it in a little nickel plated case, placed it in the receptacle of the cash carrier. He pulled a cord, and the box shot up till it reached the narrow lines of metal, whence it was whisked with businesslike precision to the eyrie of the cashier.

As Jack turned to another customer his father waited; then, recognizing the purchaser of the silk, he stepped forward and engaged her in conversation.

Presently the nickel plated case shot back over the carrier and dropped with an assertive click into its receptacle. Mr. Remington released it, relieved of its contents and, with a brief "I'll give Mrs. Waldron her change, Jack," which received an answering nod from the young man, handed the money to the woman.

But Remington senior did not give her all that the case contained. He withheld a small piece of folded white paper, which he regarded idly for a moment, then opened. Written across it in hastily formed characters were the words:

"It is an age till tomorrow night, dearest!"

The old gentleman held the paper nearer to his eyes and read the message again. Then he looked at his son, who was talking animatedly. Then he refolded the paper carefully, placed it in his vest pocket and walked slowly away. He went to another part of the store, from which he could get a view of the cashier's post, and looked up.

There among the converging wires of the cash carrier was a high desk, and over its top protruded a head of wavy brown hair, and occasionally as its owner reached for the metal cases Mr. Remington caught sight of the pretty, refined face of Gertrude Terry, his cashier.

The old gentleman watched the girl for awhile, then went to his private office and again waited himself at his desk. He drew the piece of white paper from his pocket and looked at it thoughtfully. Then he turned his attention to the square, blue envelope which contained Mrs. Chase's invitation and glanced from one to the other, though weighing in his mind the value of each.

Perhaps the memory of his own married life, spent with a woman of society, whose tastes and temperament were at variance with his own, passed in mental review. The many nights he had sat at his lonely fireside while his wife was attending functions to which he had little inclination to follow her may have intruded themselves on his reflections. Whatever his thoughts and they contained no bitterness for a woman who was gone—he kept them to himself.

He did not say anything to Jack when he left the store together except to tell him that he had some preliminary business to attend to and might be late for their 7 o'clock dinner. Then the driver of his coupe an attendant presently alighted at a small

place answered by a gray haired man who walked with dignity and greatly surprised to see Mr. Remington. When the latter entered the little parlor he recognized the man with kindly interest. "I'm sorry that time has passed so fast," he said at last, "but I must go."

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lightened and beautified by the sympathy of a devoted, loving woman whose soul was attuned to his.

When he had finished Mr. Remington was leaning forward in his chair. "And now that she is gone you have your daughter left," he said gently.

"Yes. She's just like her mother. Thank heaven," responded Max Terry, sinking back, with a sigh.

At that moment the front door was opened briskly, steps sounded along the hall, and Gertrude Terry entered the parlor. She stopped abruptly when she saw the visitor.

"I have been telling Mr. Remington about your mother," Max Terry said, smiling at the girl.

"Did he call to ask about her?" she inquired.

"I called for a purpose of my own," said Remington, advancing toward her. "I accidentally received this note from the cash carrier this afternoon." And he produced the bit of white paper.

The girl was pale, but she regarded him unflinchingly. "I suppose you think it is very wrong of me to love Jack," she said.

"No, but I think it would have been better for him to have told me about the affair."

"I would not let him, and I have been trying to tell him that he must not see me again."

Mr. Remington smiled. "You took it for granted that I should not want an unofficial partner in my family who was brave and womanly merely because she happened to be poor," he said softly, taking her hand.

The next morning Chase, Remington, Bentley & Co. was crowded as usual when Jack pulled a slip of white paper from the metal messenger of the cash carrier. The message, which was in his father's handwriting, was as follows:

"Miss Terry will soon leave the employ of this firm."

Jack leaped over the silk counter and hurried to his father's private office. The room was empty, but in a moment Gertrude and Mr. Remington entered.

Jack angrily handed the note to his father. "What is the meaning of this?" he demanded.

Mr. Remington looked at the paper complacently. "It means," he said, "that I think my future daughter-in-law should have time to prepare for her wedding."

Jack leaned against the roll top desk in wonderment, while Gertrude read the note.

"If I had known what was in it I should not have sent it," she said, with a reproachful smile at the elder Remington. "Is that your idea of breaking the news properly?"

"No," answered the old gentleman, "but I did not like to spoil the record that cash carrier has for revealing the unexpected."

Traveling by Map.

The experiences of Captain Joseph La Barge, as told in "The History of Early Steamboat Navigation on the Missouri River," includes this story:

Captain La Barge was a pilot and Indian trader for fifty eventful years, and on one of his trips up the river he had a party of Englishmen aboard. They had a map and applied themselves industriously to the business of identifying the various places on it with those along their route. They were in the pilot house a good deal, and one of them was inclined to instruct in the geography of the country the veteran pilot, who had spent all his life on or near the river.

"What place is this that we are approaching, Mr. Pilot?" he asked.

"St. Charles, sir," La Barge replied.

"You are mistaken, sir. According to the map, it is —"

La Barge made no reply. He stopped as usual at St. Charles and then went his way. Presently they came to another village.

"What place, captain?" inquired the Englishman.

"Washington, Mo., sir."

"Wrong again. The map gives this place as —"

This experience was repeated several times, the captain's temper becoming more ruffled with each repetition. Presently a flock of wild geese passed over the river. The Englishmen were standing on the hurricane roof in front of the pilot house.

"What kind of birds are those, captain?" asked one of them in eager haste.

The captain, whose language still showed something of his French origin, replied: "Look at your map. He tell you."

Bought Art to Destroy It.

The attendants in the art gallery of a department store in Brooklyn were startled the other day to see a man deliberately destroy two pictures that he had just purchased at a cost of \$47. The man is wealthy and aims to have a collection of art objects that have no duplicates. He had purchased in the art gallery that was the scene of his vandalism a painting for which he paid \$1,000. After it was sent home he was showing it to a friend, who, knowing the collector's weakness, told him he had seen two reproductions of the painting in the same gallery, one priced at \$25, the other at \$12.

"Go and buy them for me," said the collector, "and when you get them break them up. I'll give you a check for \$47 before you go home."

The friend declined the task: so the collector went to the store himself, and after he had paid for the two pictures, and after he had paid for them destroyed them at the spot.

His same man ordered a table with and all were served top, for which he paid \$200. After it had been finished he went to the artist who had designed it and developed it by him while he destroyed the drawing for the table. That was the end of the contract, and he

City.

City.

City.

City.

THE CHRISTMAS PUDDING.

How to Make It and What to Do With the Remnants.

There is a decided tendency among our best cooks today to substitute beef's marrow for suet in plum pudding. The beef marrow makes a rather more delicate and fine flavored pudding, which loses nothing of its richness. The best marrow bone is that obtained from the hind leg, or shank, of beef, the meat of which makes an excellent consommé, says the New York Tribune. Let the butcher split the bone for you, so that the marrow can be taken out entire. Scrape off any bloody streaks. Weigh out six ounces, chop it fine and set it aside in a kneading bowl. Add half a pound of dried currants, well washed and picked over; half a pound of sultana raisins, half a pound of the best málaga raisins and half a pound of candied orange, lemon and citron peel in equal parts.

Mix thoroughly and add three-quarters of a pound of bread crumbs which have been dried, sifted and moistened with half a cup of cold milk. To this also add a quarter of a pound of sugar, an even teaspoonful of salt, six eggs and finally half a gill each of madeira, brandy and Santa Cruz rum. You may substitute sherry for madeira if you wish. Mix all these ingredients thoroughly, using the hands to knead them together. If the pudding is boiled in a tight tin mold leave about half an inch space for it to swell, but if it is boiled in the orthodox way, which is by far the best way—in a bowl with a cloth tied over it—pack it in as tightly as you can. The cloth will give sufficiently for its swelling. In either case the mold or bowl should be thickly buttered and slightly dredged with flour to make a smooth, shining surface.

BALLARD'S HOREHOUND SYRUP

Immediately relieves hoarse, croupy cough, oppressed, rattling, rasping and difficult breathing. Henry C. Stearns, Druggist, Shullsburg, Wisconsin, writes, May 20, 1901: "I have been selling Ballard's Horehound Syrup for two years, and have never had a preparation that has given better satisfaction. I notice that when I sell a bottle, they come back for more. I can honestly recommend it. 25c, 50c and \$1.00 at all druggists."

face in which to stick the proverbial sprig of holly.

The mixture for the Christmas pudding should be as stiff as it can be stirred. As there is some difference in the size of eggs it is best to mix the dry ingredients first, then the moistened bread crumbs, then the liquors, and last of all the eggs. For the spices add a small half nutmeg, a scant half teaspoonful of powdered cinnamon and the same quantity each of powdered cloves and allspice. These should be put in just before you knead up the pudding.

If any of this pudding is left over make some Christmas "puits d'amour" or "wells of love." Cut the cold pudding in slices an inch thick and cut these into rounds about two inches across. Cut half these again into rings, using an inch cutter, and lay the rings on the rounds. Ice them thickly, being careful not to fill up the hollow, or "well," in the center. In these "wells" put a teaspoonful of brandied butter or hard pudding sauce flavored with brandy. Stick the tiniest spray of holly, a leaf and a berry in the center of each cake. These are very picturesque as well as delicious little confections. They are a favorite for children's holiday parties, so frequent in Christmas week. There are so small a proportion of the pudding and so large a quantity of the icing that they can hardly be considered in the light of heavy and indigestible dainties.

FAVORITE FAMILY REMEDY.

Frequently accidents occur in the household, which cause burns, cuts, sprains and bruises for use in such cases, Ballard's Snow Liniment has for many years been the constant favorite family remedy. 25c, 50c and \$1.00 at all druggists.

TRAIN AND TRACK.

Massachusetts has now more miles of electric railway than of steam railway lines.

The Canadian Pacific Railroad company has voted to spend \$5,000,000 for improvements.

During last year no dividends were paid on \$607,000,000 of common and preferred street railway stock, which is not less than 50 per cent of the total issued.

Some time ago the Russian government employed a number of women as officials on the Ural railway. The experiment proved successful, and at a recent conference at St. Petersburg it was resolved to engage women for other railways also.

THE RESTORER.

Dowie says the newspaper editors are all going to perdition. Dear, oh, dear! And he's an editor himself.—Philadelphia Press.

It would be easier to believe that Dowie is a reincarnation of the spirit of the late lamented P. T. Barnum than of the ancient Elijah.—Exchange.

Dr. Dowie might pose as a restorer if he were selling a hair tonic instead of religion. His patriarchal beard would be a good exhibit.—Washington Times.

HE FOUND A CURE.

R. H. Foster, 318 S. 2d Street, Salt Lake City, writes: "I have been bothered with dyspepsia or indigestion for 21 years, have tried many doctors without relief, but I have found a cure in Herbine. I recommend it to all my friends who are afflicted with the same trouble. All if it fails return the money."

GENERAL YOUNG'S WAY.

Nervy Act of the Army's Chief in Rescuing a Corporal.

Back in the reconstruction period of the south Lieutenant General S. B. M. Young, the new chief of the general staff of the United States army, proved himself a hero of the fearless, intrepid stripe, says Collier's Weekly. The incident occurred in Texas. He was in command of a garrison in the Lone Star State. Considerable friction developed between the soldiery and the citizens of the town. The citizens made divers threats, and the bluecoats followed suit. Young respected the law, but those were strenuous times, and the iron hand was needed down in that country. The people stormed, but Young merely laughed.

Finally the town authorities arrested one of the soldiers and haled him into court. Tension was high in the little town, and things looked dark for the prisoner. Young learned of the arrest. He didn't call in his staff for advice, and he didn't wait to consult with his military jurists. The exigency had to be met quietly, and Young acted instantly. He ordered out a file of soldiers, placed himself at their head and marched rapidly down the streets to the courthouse. The march startled the townsfolk. They gathered in angry groups, but they didn't feaze the future commander in chief of the army.

On he led his detachment. "Column left!" rang out as the little file of soldiery reached the courthouse steps, and up they marched and down the aisles of the court room, where Corporal Smith, the prisoner, resigned to his fate, was standing, while the judge was pronouncing his sentence. The justice paused in his judicial declamation and became dumb with amazement. Young's eyes flashed.

"Corporal," he called out, "about face, forward, march!"

Quick as a flash the corporal wheeled about in the prisoner's dock and marched with regular step to Young's relief detachment. Young glanced at the judge, saluted him in mock courtesy and again turned to his men.

"About face, forward!" he ordered, and the soldiers, with the rescued corporal in their midst, moved out and filed up the streets to the army post.

It was a nervy act that might have precipitated a riot in these days, but the citizens of the town were paralyzed with amazement and to this day have never taken any steps in reprisal.

VIOLET HAT ON COFFIN.

Chicago Undertaker Made a Mistake With Flower Covered Headpiece.

A woman in Chicago, the wife of a young minister, has always had a liking for her "of the flower bed variety. At present she owns a "dream" that is covered with violets. The young wife wore the hat recently to a funeral at which her husband officiated. Going into the room which contained the coffin, she removed the hat and placed it on a stand.

The sad faced undertaker came in a few minutes later to arrange the "floral tokens" on the coffin. After placing the bouquets, wreaths and other flowers in place he picked up the violet covered hat and placed it on top of all the rest. Several of the "mourners" giggled, and the minister's wife wanted to take her hat and run. She had to leave it, however, until the close of the ceremony. When she went by the bier she grasped the hat and successfully made her escape.

A Rich Man's Fancy.

How many men who have acquired a fortune by practicing the most rigid economy in their younger days would abandon their palatial residence in old age to live in a woodshed? That is what Abraham Sillmer, known throughout Iowa as the "Waverly philanthropist," intends to do, says the Detroit News. The woodshed which Sillmer will move into will be made into two rooms, a bedroom and dining room. He will live alone and cook his own meals. He declares that he will have reached the true state of happiness in this world, contentment in simplicity. During the past few years Sillmer has given more money to charitable institutions than any other man in Iowa. He is said to be worth more than \$1,000,000, and it is his purpose to give this fortune in various sums to the needy institutions of the state before he dies.

Beacon Lights as an Aid to Cupid.

In the top of the Montauk lighthouse at Montauk point, on Long Island, Miss Evelyn Cook, formerly of London, recently stood before a minister and took Charles O. Gould of Easthampton for better or worse. And just as the words that made them man and wife had been uttered word of the wedding flashed across to Newport by wireless telegraph. Mr. Gould's father was born in the lighthouse, and it was the son's often expressed wish that he be married there. The fact that he first met Miss Cook there was an additional reason for choosing the quaint place for the ceremony. The wedding was the first that had been celebrated in the old lighthouse for seventy-five years.

Fishing For Potatoes.

The limit in agricultural achievements has been reached by John C. Gangnuss, who lives near St. Charles, Mich. Mr. Gangnuss has a fine patch of potatoes near the river on the marshy flats, but recent rains put the field thirty inches under water. Needing potatoes for dinner, Gangnuss rowed to the field of tubers in a boat and dug a good quantity for the meal with a cold-water pump. The water was

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CASTORIA

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TAX STATEMENT FOR THE YEAR 1903

VOLUSIA COUNTY, FLORIDA.

D. P. SMITH, Tax Collector.

DR. CR. 1903
Nov. 2 To Tax, 1903..... \$39,901 88 1903

General Revenue Fund.

DR. CR. 1903
Nov. 2 To Apportionment Tax 1903 \$10,409 18 1903

Road and Bridge Fund.

DR. CR. 1903
Nov. 2 To Apportionment Tax 1903 \$10,409 18 1903

School Fund.

DR. CR. 1903
Nov. 2 To Apportionment Tax 1903 \$17,348 62 1903

Fine and Forfeiture Fund.

DR. CR. 1903
Nov. 2 To Apportionment Tax 1903 \$1734 80 1903

SAMUEL D. JORDAN, Clerk Circuit Court.

Fine Job Printing Done at The News Office.

More Than a
\$ MILLION DOLLARS \$

of Florida Capital guarantees this pure vegetable remedy to cure or money back

Cures:

Catarrhal affection of the nasal passages, bronchial tubes, lungs, kidneys, bladder and stomach. Also

Nervous

Indigestion

Consumption, or any disease of the mucuous membranes.

As a Tonic

It gives appetite, builds up the system, banishes that tired feeling, makes the weak strong and happy.

